

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 15, 1910.

## THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER.

How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber,  
Who pays in advance without skipping a year,  
Who lays down his money and offers it gladly,  
And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer.  
Who never says, "Stop it, I cannot afford it!"  
Or, "Getting more papers each day than I read."  
But always says: "Send it; the whole outfit likes it."  
In fact, we regard it a business need,  
How welcome is he when he steps in the sanctum,  
How he makes "our heart" throb, how he makes  
"our eye" dance;  
We outwardly thank him—we inwardly bless him—  
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.  
—A. May Robinson, in the National Magazine.

## BE SQUARE.

We may name a hundred drawbacks  
That a man must meet in life,  
We may say it's all a "bottle,"  
And a never-ending "strife."  
Then resolve to meet bravely—  
Stand the test—do and dare—  
But the secret of true victory  
Lies in one word, just "Square."  
  
There is something in the twinkle  
Of an honest fellow's eye  
That can never be mistaken  
And can never be passed by.  
Be his station high or lowly,  
There's that dauntless upright air,  
Which convinces all beholders  
That that man they see is "Square."  
  
Heaven gives such men influence  
Over those they daily meet.  
They will help him keep his feet—  
Make the "sneaks" a bit uneasy—  
Make the false act kind of fair,  
For the greatest reward on record  
Will respect the man who's "Square."  
—Selected.

## AN ALASKAN TRIP.

What a Bellefonte Girl Saw on a Trip to the Far North, and How She Enjoyed the Many Interesting Sights and Experiences.

When Zoe and I planned to enjoy our summer vacation by a trip to the A. Y. P. Exposition at Seattle, we decided that the proximity of Washington to Alaska was too alluring to overlook an extension to the Seattle visit. Maps and folders were consulted until inclination crystallized into determination, and in June we bought our round trip tickets from Los Angeles to Skagway, and sailed from the port of San Pedro on the "Roanoke," on the evening of July 5th.

What cleverness is manifested by the steamship companies in having boats sail in the evening! For the crowded wharves, laughing, happy people, joyous farewells, and general air of accomplishing things, lend to a passenger's delusion, and as we went out of the harbor that night, and saw the myriads of lights twinkling from the towns that were scattered along the coast, we certainly felt that we were starting for ports where fair adventures lay.

But when the morning of the second day came, the truth of a line from one of Spring's popular plays rose again, "All last night was fun and laughter, but this is the cold gray dawn of the morning after." Everyone on the boat was seasick for the "Roanoke" carried no cargo between San Pedro and San Francisco, and was tossed as a chip in the trough of the waves, not only up and down, but forward and back, and then crosswise, in such a drunken careening way, as I hope may never be my experience again, for as the boat went so we went.

We two managed to get dressed and on deck, but that day held no pleasure for us, and we sat around chewing dried beef and soda crackers when meal time came, and wished the seas might be gathered up and thrown overboard.

And that morning dawned with our boat at the dock in San Francisco, where we were to be for hours. We went up Market street and all around the business part of the city, marveling at the changes every year had brought about, but we could not escape from the aftermath of that "most disagreeable form of an error of mortal mind ever assumed," (to quote from Life) and had we not bought our tickets to Alaska, we would have given up any idea of more ocean right there. We did go to the steamship office to see about having our tickets changed to rail from San Francisco to Portland, but it came to nothing, so we sadly re-embarked and went out through the beautiful Golden Gate that afternoon.

A heavy cargo had been loaded for Eureka and Portland however, so from now on the boat behaved properly, and so did we. The monotony of the sea was varied by spouting whales and porpoises playing in the waters near northern California. As for the remainder of the trip north, I pass by the beauty of Eureka, Portland, and Seattle, where we visited the Fair, being engrossed chiefly with the Alaska building, and hasten on to my main topic.

We left Seattle on the "Jefferson," at nine o'clock p. m., July 14th. We had chosen this boat on the advice of friends, in preference to the boats confining their passenger lists to round trip excursionists, in order to get more local color by meeting with Alaskans returning north, and the succeeding days were made very enjoyable by the acquaintances formed aboard. Our cousin, Ben Pettit, of Seattle, had introduced us to some people whom he knew were going, and when we got to the Jefferson, we found, in addition to him and his wife, four Los Angeles friends the pier to see us off, and reserver's tents were in our room, so we started out auspiciously.

Now many of the people were disappointed not to find themselves in Alaska the next day, but you know there are one hundred miles of water to be traversed from Seattle before Puget Sound is left behind, and from Seattle it is 662 miles to the first port at the lower edge of Alaska, so there was consternation among many of the passengers who counted on visiting Alaska soil every half-hour, instead of enjoying an ocean cruise, and I heard more than six people say in the next two days, "Well, I won't feel repaid if this is all we're to do. I expected to see more than this." These complaints come mostly from the people who sat in the cabins playing cards or reading, and

it was noticeable that later, even when there was so much to see that one's eyes were worn out, they preferred a game of bridge to going ashore in the dampness. And to that word hangs a tale, for while Zoe and I were well-used to Washington's summer rains, from having lived in Birmingham, no one had represented Alaska's rains, and we didn't once see the actual sun, for a veil of mist covered the sky every day, and while the landscape was not obscured, yet the chilliness and wetness surrounded us. "Umbrellas may be taken, but are not essential." With that optimistic prospectus advice, we ignored these nice dry rains, and took miles of exercise on the decks daily. And no one ever could breathe anywhere else such wonderful, exhilarating ozone as this; the salt sea-air blended with that of the pine forests, lining both shores of this lovely "Inside Passage."

Another surprise to us in addition to these rains was the temperature. We had experienced the cold mountain nights of Yosemite, but all day long in Alaska one could wear a woolen suit, a sweater, and an overcoat, and still realize it was cold weather, and this in July. (Sitka seemed the warmest of the places visited.)

Well, for two days we sailed and sailed, and now the long days became noticeable. For these first two days it seemed that everyone ate as if he expected never to eat again, for if one rose between six and eight, a light breakfast of rolls and coffee could be obtained, then the breakfast at eight, lunch at noon, dinner at six, and another meal at ten p. m.

The voyage seemed just like an exquisite river trip, for the water was smooth, the passage not very wide, and on both sides were pine-clad hills, and silvery cascades. As we went farther north, high snow-capped mountains, wonderful glaciers, countless islands, quaint Indian villages, and curious totem poles were passed in this ever changing panorama.

The first stop was at Ketchikan, "the first city in Alaska" according to its postcards, a misnomer as far as historical priority is concerned, since it refers only to its southern-most location. In the early morning we went through this spot of beauty and climbed up the wooden walk and steps leading along a mountain, and to picturesque water-falls a mile back in the woods. The board walk was built high above the ground, which was covered with a dense growth of dank berries, ferns, and lush bushes, thimble-berries and salmon-berries giving a novelty in taste to the Eastern tourist.

The town itself is typically Alaskan; the houses built all over a steep hill-side, and the streets, running in all directions, covered with plank and built above the ground level. A bank and hotel tend to its air of prosperity. The town is incorporated and has over 1500 inhabitants. The presence of a salmon stream was what originally caused the settling of a town here, and while the fish were not running during our trip, several weeks later they could be lifted from the water in one's hands, and I learned from a student here in Clarendon, who came from Ketchikan, and he also told me that a year's rainfall from date to date in 1908-1909 was one hundred and twenty-six inches. Just think of that in feet!

Beside the salmon canneries, copper and timber industries belong to this progressive town. Here too we saw the first totem poles at close range and were directed to the Indian cemetery with its poles as a spot of interest. We enjoyed this town so much that we were loath to leave when the ship's whistle blew the half-hour warning, for it was good to get on terra firma for a change, but as the gentle mists had changed gradually to showers, we found the ship a cosy shelter and left this pretty harbor for the next point, not many miles farther, Metlakatla, an interesting Indian settlement on Annette Island, but when we docked there, a pouring drizzling rain was the result of the early morning's efforts, and few of the passengers cared to go out.

It chanced that while at Stanford I had a thesis on Indian Education and I had learned much of this unique people about William Duncan's, so I was wildly disappointed over the rain, and I was standing on the deck wondering if it wouldn't clear enough for me to make a dash for the Church, where travelers were received, when I saw an old, white-haired, rose-cheeked man coming along the wharf. No one else was in sight, but Indians, so I jumped to the natural conclusion, and running down the gang plank and up to him, I asked him if he were not Mr. Duncan. He was delightfully cordial, and after talking to him, I asked him to come aboard and tell us about his work there among the Indians, so I ushered him into the cabin where everyone was sitting around, and this dear old man, who has given his life for others, talked to us there and told us modestly of his missionary labors. Later, when we were to leave, I walked out in the rain with him again to say good bye, and I couldn't have felt in a more sanctified presence had I been with the pope.

This entire town, church, canneries, homes, schools, and all, was built by his Indians. He has been there with them for forty years, and his devotion has made this community of a thousand Christian Indians from what was formerly a savage horde.

From my log-book I notice that the next stop of that day was at Port Wrangell at six in the evening. The captain came and asked us to let him show us the town,—he took turns with the young women on the boat—so we went first to the cable office to see if any orders were there, and then looked up the town's totem-poles and the Indian cemetery, and visited the garnet stores. This is the town near the garnet mines and I got some fine specimens of these stones for paper weights, two just as they are dug, embedded in this old slate, glacial formation, and one heavy gem, an inch at least in diameter. They are of little value until ground, and then are much smaller. What surprises one in this gem is its perfect facet shape.

The churches of all the towns are opened when a ship is in port, and we entered the Presbyterian church, where the minister's wife received us and spoke enthusiastically of their work.

One of the pleasantest recollections to me of the Alaskans is their utter lack of any discontent. Shut off as they are from any of the comforts of a more widespread civilization, their entire attitude is not that of laissez-faire, but of utmost enjoyment in life.

July 18th was a busy day in the Jefferson's adventures, for about eight we were all out on deck watching Taku Glacier loom up before us, as we went slowly and carefully in and out among the icebergs in the inlet, and before night we had seen many wonders. Geographical definitions of icebergs and glaciers served me very well when I was in the sixth grade, but the joy of realizing what a frozen river of ice moving slowly down a

mountainside" was, outside of a book, sent me into a delirium of delight. On this morning, the captain got within a quarter of a mile from the foot of the glacier, as close as he ever goes, and with powerful field-glasses we could see into its crevasses and notice its jagged formation. The front wall of Taku is 300 feet high and a mile wide. There was nothing smooth about its surface appearance, as in some of the others we saw later, for it was all cut and heaped up like a crater, and during the hour in which we stayed there watching it, gigantic pieces cracked, then broke off, and in a cloud of snowy mist fell into the water, going eleven under and then rising to the surface, while the waves reached our ship, rolling it slightly, and the reverberations of the breaking and crashing pealed forth as thunder. The coloring of this glacier ice was startling, for it had shades of blues and greens, and the effect was as of molten glass, with that clearness of the edge blending into opaque white. The size of the icebergs varied from huge mounds of the ship's size to pieces as small as a sheep. Those who seemed to know, said that six-sevenths of an iceberg was below the water's surface. They were washed and cut into many fantastic shapes, large arches and caves being the most frequent designs and there was not much motion noticeable, just a slight swaying, except with the smaller pieces, which go floating for the east for several miles away from the glacier.

Since coming home, I have read "Stickeen," and I envied that magnificent man, John Muir, that he could get acquainted with a glacier, without having to be introduced to it, and go leaping over one of his little dog friends into the water's surface. They were washed and cut into many fantastic shapes, large arches and caves being the most frequent designs and there was not much motion noticeable, just a slight swaying, except with the smaller pieces, which go floating for the east for several miles away from the glacier.

Out of Taku Inlet, we went up Castineux Channel to Douglas, on Douglas Island, where we spent the morning at the Treadwell gold mines; where a few hours before we had a marvel for the eyes, we had a superlative sensation for the ears, for the 888 stamps in the mills, 300 under one roof, made a fiendish noise, and as an experiment, we tried screaming at our full lung power, and we wouldn't have known any one's lips were parted. No need of having any explanation as to how quartz mining was done, for we just followed the process, and used our eyes, as we stood on the trembling platforms above the shaking concentrates, and when we got out, in addition to being stone deaf for many minutes, I felt like the man in the ad who rides a bike without a cushion frame.

No visitors were admitted to the assaying sections, so our keenest conceptions of the real Alaskan gold, once out of the rock, were obtained in the Seattle exhibit, where the gold bricks, nuggets and dust were kept in a glass case guarded by a sentry.

Back of the mills we climbed up the hill-side red dirt on the edge of "Glory Hole" the deep pit from which led the entrance to the mine. As to production, this is the second largest mine in the United States, and as to tonnage, the largest in the world; in the twenty-eight years of its operation it has produced over \$35,000,000. We went all over the co-operative section of the town, where the miners' homes are, through the large dining hall, and reading-rooms, and then walked back a mile from Treadwell to Douglas.

By this time everyone had learned to make a dash for the curios stores and Indian basket-makers, and there was always great amusement on board, after leaving each port, in examining every half-hour warning, for it was good to get on terra firma for a change, but as the gentle mists had changed gradually to showers, we found the ship a cosy shelter and left this pretty harbor for the next point, not many miles farther, Metlakatla, an interesting Indian settlement on Annette Island, but when we docked there, a pouring drizzling rain was the result of the early morning's efforts, and few of the passengers cared to go out.

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sea, 21 miles from Skagway, and had accomplished in three hours what in those times took six days. After hearing from several Alaskans tales of the hardships of these early days, one could not look on that pass without imagining the whole scene.

One of the Sitka men aboard told us that only one-tenth of one per cent, succeeded in gaining gold. For any knowledge of the perils attending the gold-seekers, this trip was all sufficient, and the photographs I saw of men threading Chilcoot pass, like a black line of ants on the white snow, only enhanced the horror. A man told us of the avalanche of '98 on the Chilcoot, that had killed his own friends, and I can't forget the awful depth of sadness that lay in his eyes when he spoke of digging in the snow and finding two brothers lying dead together in their tent.

The English flag waved near our own on the boundary line at this summit, and all around were old cabins, relics of the early days when the prospectors stopped here long enough to build rafts on which to float down the lake. Banks of snow lay on the hill side and heather was growing nearby.

The descent to Skagway was made rapidly. In this town we saw our first dog team. On the whole trip we had noticed but three horses.

Skagway is a stopping point for people going into the interior to Dawson. Fairbanks and other places, and since it lacked the raison d'être that other towns had, having sprung into life during the Klondike rush of '98, it is more of a cosmopolitan town than the rest. It has attractive homes, flowers, gardens, level streets, and—the train! Above it is the A. B. mountain, so called from the perfect formation of these letters in snow-filled gorges. A building of interest is the Arctic Brotherhood hall, faced with checkered squares of madrone wood, with historic pick and shovel handles nailed on the wall. The interest above things of this nature, and when we reached Sitka at seven on the morning following, he gave the day to his ship's friends. Because he was a Russian, he obtained special privileges for us in the Russian church, where the priest, and silver embroidered robes were shown us, and the door to the inner sanctuary was swung open for us to see the altar there.

This church of St. Michael's had some beautiful paintings; one, an exquisite Madonna, which has a wondrous solidity covering everything. Another painting over all the drapery of the oil-painting. An artist who spoke to us in the church thinks this Raphael, but they have no idea how it came into Russian possession in this spot of the earth. I got a photograph of it, as the face is one of the sweetest of Madonnas. Another painting of worth was one of Christ, distinctive from others in representing Him blue-eyed.

There were no seating arrangements in this Greek church, as the people stand or kneel during the service. While the interest in Madonnas, and the same architecture, and priceless art treasures, we found other attractions in the Sheldon Jackson museum with its Russian and Eskimo relics, and the Elliot F. Shepard Industrial school.

The Indian River Park had some unusual features. One had a swing set out on the top, and another showing a white man's face, a Russian trader thus preserved in effigy because he had kidnapped the twins.

The saying regarding the Indian River is: "If you drink of the waters of Sitka, you must return." This place seemed to me much like Monterey, in its odd comingling of sleepy old traditions with modern activities. Mr. Archangelovsky told us of this ancient city's charm, and when we had exclaimed our appreciation he said, "Science one must leave somewhere, we went to the court-house and looked into the jail, where thirty Japanese were imprisoned for seal-poaching; several of them were reading aloud from odd-looking books, but paid no attention to us. The court-house is on a hill overlooking the water, and it, the residences and the town, are all substantial and attractive buildings.

The size and tameness of the birds around this section was noticeable. Hundreds of crows and sea gulls were all around on the beach, and the crows were as large as the gulls. I thought they were ravens until they cawed instead of saying "Nevermore."

One of the street signs of Juneau that offered much speculation was "Hot Air Baths." On our return trip we were in the town at 2 a. m., when the stores were open for the passengers and many people were on the streets, as it was daylight, and from a concert hall we heard a chorus singing "How dry I am." Altogether, Juneau savored more of wild westernism than any place we saw.

The way we began to do without sleep was a strange thing, for if we went to our rooms at eleven it was just twilight, and if the purser announced any stop for the morning hours of two, three or four, all the boat's passengers would be up on deck then by daylight. When the trip was over and we were back in Seattle, we certainly slept like hibernating bears.

From Juneau we passed by Mendenhall and Davidson Glaciers. The face of the latter is about three miles from the water's edge and therefore classes under the "dead" glaciers. On the Jefferson the pronunciation of "glacier" ran through a gamut as distinctive as "vase" to "vahas."

Haines Mission and Ft. Seward were reached in the evening, but we hadn't gone to Alaska to see soldiers, and this Sunday left us ready for the much discussed trip of the morrow, a trip by rail for a change.

When we docked at Skagway, every one made a rush for the train of the White Pass and Yukon Route. Those who sought the open observation car were soon driven into the closed cars by the penetrating cold.

As we went up over the rocky road-bed above the roaring river and kept our eyes on "White Pass" trail on the other side, we realized much of the pioneer spirit that led over 20,000 men on foot up that dangerous pass in "a mad endeavor to be the first to put pick into the ground covering the greatest deposit of virgin gold in the history of the world." When we reached the summit at Lake Bennett, we were 2,800 feet above the level of the

## WHAT TO TALK.

Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough without your woes. No path is wholly rough.  
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,  
And talk of them to rest the weary ear  
Of earth, so hurt by woe's continuous strain  
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk Faith: the world is better off without your uttered ignorance, and your morbid doubt.  
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,  
Say so—if not, put back upon the shelf  
Of silence, all your thoughts, till Faith shall come  
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk Health. The dreary, never-ending talk  
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.  
Your charm, or interest, or pleasure,  
By harping on that minor chord, disease.  
Say you are well, or all is well with you,  
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

## Spotless Town.

Delf recalls a doll's house. There is evidence of eternal scrubbing everywhere. The water in the marble basin at the hotel suddenly giving out, we were informed that Saturday was wash day. It reminded one of some parts of Philadelphia on Saturday. On all fours, unconscious of the peril of housemaid's knees, servants of varying ages scrubbed the flagstones as if they had been running molasses. They polished up the bellpurses and the handles of the big front door; they scoured the marble which streaks the house facade, and amid a clangor of agitated brushes, amid torrents of water, the visitor moved ill at ease, sure that Holland did not win its reputation for cleanliness on mere rumor.

The insides of the houses are as shining as the outsides. What brass, china, furniture, woodwork! But there is the reverse to the medal. One night in Rotterdam, having lost our way on a canal, we heard a series of sharp snapping explosions; the sound had a familiar accent in it, something between a Fourth of July celebration and the beating of rugs. Horrors! Surely it could not be that venerable New York custom existed in Holland! It was the case. On a shallow sidewalk two able-bodied maids were pounding a dirty carpet, raising the very dead with their crepitant padding and showering with perfect impartiality the dust on anyone in the vicinity.

Nor is this a custom confined to Rotterdam. Any morning in any town of Holland, from 7 to 11 o'clock, you will hear with dismayed ears the crack, thump, crack of wounded rugs and murdered carpets.

Why wouldn't you suppose that the Dutchman, overzealous in the cause of cleanliness, could be made to recognize the unsanitary nature of this practice? Not at all. We argued with an intelligent native and he said that it was a very old custom—more honored in the breach than in the observance, he might have added. In such crowded thoroughfares as the Wagenstraat at The Hague, or the Kalverstraat at Amsterdam, servants literally throw the dust in your eyes. What a row there would be in dear, dirty old New York if half the population turned out with wicker paddles and pounded their rugs! The very janitors on the blocks would protest. The excuse of a custom that flourished when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, is the same given by the dwellers on the canals who persist in drinking their stagnant waters. They, when warned of the danger of cholera, indignantly answered that their fathers and grandfathers had always drunk the sewage, had lived long and happily; so what are you going to do about it?—New York Sun.

## Who Invented Moving Pictures.

So many minds, so many men, have evolved ideas that have been improved upon by others, tending toward the creation of moving pictures, that the whole world has contributed to the evolutionary process. Muybridge might claim to be the first in the field. Freisse Greene, in London, made the best advances, while Miernie and Anschutz followed very closely. Next came J. R. Bonheur, in America, he having conceived a plan, in 1886, which was his voluminous correspondence to Thomas A. Edison.

Muybridge reproduced a famous trotting-horse, very crude, but interesting in the light of future development. Anschutz perfected a series of photographs showing an enlarged "zoetrope" called and exhibited as the "Living Wonder." Freisse Greene's experiments followed in the early part of 1890, while the kinoscope was its successor. This wonderful machine was a modification by Edison of the "Living Wonder" suggested by the use of a celluloid film as the basis for the photographic emulsion, the invention of Goodwin, of New Jersey. Other names in connection with the evolution of moving pictures are, Wardsworth, Denisthorpe, and Marey of Paris, who first presented pictures of birds in flight. Demyen, the assistant of Marey, followed up his master's successes, and R. W. Paul, of London, made interesting and progressive improvements in the early nineties.

Edison came along in 1894 with his improvements on ideas already before the public. The American Biograph, through Herman Casier, followed close upon Edison's achievements, as did Lumiere of Paris. This moving picture belongs to all the world and all the world has given us its productions.

## The Weight of the Brain.

Professor Ranke, sometime ago, brought out a new fact concerning the brain of man as compared with that of other animals. It has long been known that the brain of a man does not weigh as much as that of a whale, or an elephant, and that there are birds and apes whose brains are heavier than man's in proportion to the weight of their bodies. But Professor Ranke showed that the way to reveal the actual superiority of the human brain is to compare its weight with that of the spinal cord. Measured in this way, man's brain is proportionately far heavier than that of any of the lower animals.

—When serving cocoa or chocolate drop a marshmallow into each cup before pouring in the hot beverage. They will come to the top soft and creamy and are a fine substitute for whipped cream.

—If a human being continued to grow at the same rate as he does in his first year he would be 68 feet tall at the age of 10.

## Passing of the Seminoles.

Report comes from Florida that the last survivors of the Seminole tribe, headed by Chief Tiger Tail, will soon remove to Oklahoma, going upon the Seminoles reservation in that State and abandoning the Everglades, where they were born and where their fathers fought so well.

While there may be little truth in the report, it is hard to figure out where the Florida Seminoles would gain anything by making such a transfer. For one thing, the Seminole reservation in Oklahoma has been allotted and subdivided, the lands not taken for members of the tribe have been bought by white men, and there would be no place to put Tiger Tail's people if they went. Then, again, why should the free and happy followers of Tiger Tail even think of going to a crowded State, among the whites, with no means of making a livelihood, no chance to do anything but struggle along amid strange conditions and strange faces? The Florida Seminoles would be hugely foolish to make the shift, and their better sense will probably keep them where they are.

Tiger Tail's band of Seminoles leads the most comfortable, care-free life imaginable. Right there in Florida, close to the winter resort and the hum of civilized existence, they carry on their hunting and their forest roving exactly as they did 100 years ago. They are wild Indians of the wildest sort, and yet are wholly harmless. The vast swamp of the Everglades house them well, they interfere with nobody, and should be left alone to adorn the landscape and add color to the picture.

To this little life is known of the Everglades, Swamp, hummocks, jungles, and waterways, they lie in silent splendor, a picture of greens and blues, untraveled by the white man, and apparently impossible of penetration save to the Seminole.

They are not many, an adventurous hunter and foolhardy tourist would die an awful death amid the solitudes. It often keeps Tiger Tail's folks busy fishing tourists out of the swamp, and there has never been a case where the Seminoles robbed the lost traveler, mistreated him or failed to bring him to their camps with royal hospitality.

The number of Tiger Tail's people has never been known. According to the Federal in the cool and comfortable Indian in Florida, but Government agents estimate the number at 575. Floridians think about 400 Seminoles live in the swamps, the number increasing but little, certainly not diminishing. They are full-blooded, clad in the cool and comfortable Indian dress of the Southern tribes, well-armed, intelligent and good-looking.

When Osceola, the Seminole chief, died in 1835 they numbered about 3,000. In seven years of fighting the Government caught and sent West 1,929 of the tribe, while the death list of soldiers totaled 1,466. Add to this the inoffensive citizens who were slain, and it will be seen that the balance was in favor of the red men. In 1842 it was supposed that only 348 Seminoles were left, and these were allowed to stay in the swampy Everglades. A few years later these went on the warpath and some 50 or 60 were caught and sent to the Territory. Ever since that time has lived in strange existence in the swamps and has behaved like a set of gentlemen and good fellows.

Some of the Seminoles who went West headed by Coacochee, wonderful warrior, broke away and fled to Mexico, where they have remained. Ever since they have lived in strange existence in the swamps and has behaved like a set of gentlemen and good fellows.

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## Roast Beef on the Hoof.

Western beef is coming into its own. Not over a decade ago eastern buyers purchased range-bred steers only when they were unable to fill their feed-pens from other sources, and usually offered a much lower price for this class of stock than they were willing to pay for that secured from other places.

Experience has taught these buyers, however, that western range-bred steers are usually in the very best of health. They have splendid frame upon which to build, are well muscled and boned, and, being accustomed to the rigors of the western climate, continue to put on flesh in the eastern feed-pens when cattle from the other sections, being fed under identical conditions, are losing flesh on account of the inclement weather conditions. This western steer only demands that he be given plenty of good fresh water, and sufficient feed so that he may never be hungry, and he will always give a good account of himself and return many dollars in profits to the feeder when he is sold in the spring.

These steers shed early under favorable conditions, and when they have reached the stockyards they show an exterior finish that other cattle, lacking the same health and ruggedness, fail to show. This makes the western steers ready sellers on the market, and after they have been butchered the percentage of the weight of the dressed carcass, over that of other steers under the same conditions, is so perceptible as to immediately attract the attention of those keen, far-sighted men who handle the yard end of the business.

The settlement of the west is rapidly reducing the amount of available range, and is forcing the cattle to go higher and higher into the hills in search of forage. This is greatly increasing the importance of freely utilizing the ranges within the national forests, and every endeavor is being made by the forest service to open hitherto inaccessible ranges by the construction of trails and bridges, and unusual ranges by the development of water. In these higher elevations the grass is usually much finer in quality and more nutritious, while the climate is much more rigorous; both of which conditions result in the animals being in better health, and having more solid flesh when placed on the feeder markets in the fall. This fall has seen large numbers of the range-bred steers, most of which come from ranges within national forests, topping the feeder markets at all points where such animals are sold.

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